

A SIMPLE FEBRUARY DINNER

BY CORNELIA C. BEDFORD

Glancing through the many popular magazines of the day one cannot fail to notice that nine-tenths of the menus and recipes given call for elaborate preparations and processes of cookery. This is all very well when the housekeeper employs several servants, one of them a fine cook, but to the house mother who has but one maid or who must cook for herself, the elaborate recipes are of little or no real help. Even in homes where cost is seldom considered it often happens that the cooking must be simplified, so that all who are interested in good, but simple, cookery the following dinner will appeal:

Cream of Celery Soup.
Boiled Leg of Mutton.
Parsley or Capers Sauce.
Baked Tomatoes.
Cold Slaw.
Snow Balls.
Strawberry Sauce.
Coffee.

In planning for this dinner put aside all stale bread. Early in the day—the day before—cut the bread in slices, then in small dice, spread on shallow pans and place in a moderate oven until thoroughly dried and a pale brown all through. For a family of six there should be at least a quart of this toasted bread, which is to be used in preparing the dish of baked tomatoes. Another preliminary item is the making of the cooked dressing, which, as it keeps well when covered and kept very cold, may be made in quantity. Break three eggs in the upper vessel of a double boiler; beat enough to mix, then add three-quarters of a cupful of cold water. Mix together one scant teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a dash of cayenne and a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Blend with sufficient cold water to make a smooth paste, add to the eggs and water and slowly stir in one-half of a cupful of mild vinegar, either plain or tarragon. Set the vessel in the lower boiler, over the fire, and stir slowly, but continuously. The slight thickening caused by the addition of the vinegar must pass away before it thickens properly, and the slower the cooking the better the result. When as thick as a rich boiled custard strain and put aside to chill.

When selecting the mutton choose a heavy, well-fatted leg, have the bone cut off as close as possible. Put into the kettle as much boiling water as will be needed to almost submerge the meat, add a scant teaspoonful of salt, one medium sized carrot cut in quarters, one onion peeled and stuck with three cloves, a dozen peppercorns and two tablespoonsful of barley or rice. Bring to the boiling point and boil for five minutes, put in the meat, cover and boil rapidly for five minutes—this cooks the outside immediately and prevents escape of the juices—then gradually draw back on the fire until the water barely simmers. Allow eighteen minutes to the pound—twenty if desired well done. Ten minutes before dishing dip out a pint of the pot liquid, bring to the boiling point and add a cupful of water, thicken with one heaping tablespoonful of flour blended with cold water and season to taste. Keep at

the simmering point until needed, adding two tablespoonfuls of capers or a large tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a teaspoonful of vinegar just as it is taken from the fire. The hot liquor should be put aside until next day, when the fat may be removed and the liquor converted into a most palatable soup.

A pint of finely cut celery will be needed for the soup, and for this the green stalks will give a good result just as it is taken from the fire. Simmer in a pint of water until very tender, then press through a sieve. In the meantime scald a pint of milk, thickening it with a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt. Add the celery puree, season to taste and keep hot in a double boiler until served. As a paste may instead of a pile of snowy kernels, each one dry and distinct from its fellow. To obtain the proper result use a large hot-plate containing a full gallon—more will not hurt—of water. Wash the rice—a cupful and a half for six persons—through several waters, drain, then to the boiling water in the kettle add a heaping teaspoonful of salt and the rice, cover for a moment until the violent boiling is resumed, then tilt the lid (to avoid overflowing) and keep at the same galloping boil; in this way the rice grains are prevented from sticking together. In from twelve to twenty minutes, according to the age and variety of the rice, it will be tender; to test, take but a few grains with a fork and rub between thumb and fingers. Turn all into a colander and when drained throw a cloth over top and stand in the open oven for four or five minutes to steam and dry off. Never use a spoon in cooking rice. Open and turn out a can of tomatoes, pour over a third of the tomatoes and add a liberal seasoning of salt and pepper. Proceed in the same order until the ingredients are used; with the final layer of bread mix a tablespoonful or two of melted butter. Cover and bake in a steaming oven for an hour, uncovering when the third is done.

Any variety of cabbage may be used for the slaw, but it must be firm and crisp. Shave as finely as possible and drop into very cold water for about half an hour. Drain thoroughly and add the requisite amount of dressing, mixed with sufficient vinegar or lemon juice to thin. When a sweet-sour dressing is desired sugar may be added to the other seasoning at discretion. Snow balls make a very pretty and inexpensive winter dessert. Mix together one cupful of flour, one-half of a cupful of corn starch, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and three level tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in gradually two-thirds of a cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the stiffly whipped whites of four eggs. Divide at once between six buttered cups or individual molds and steam for half an hour. Turn out very gently and roll each in powdered sugar. The sauce may be a liquid one or the usual hard sauce into which several tablespoonfuls of a strained marmalade have been gradually beaten; preserved fruit well mashed may also be used.

WINTER ON A BIG GAME PRESERVE

By Ernest Harold Baynes.

THE price of success in the management of a game preserve is not high, but it is not low either. I am constantly reminded of this fact as I note from week to week the work which goes quietly along in the Blue mountain forest, commonly known as Corbin park, near Newport, N. H. The game preserve in America. To tell of the work which is done in the course of a year inside the thirty-five mile fence which marks the boundary of the vast inclosure, would take much more space than is allotted to this article, but I will try to enumerate a few of the operations which have been going along during the last two months.

With the first heavy snowfall in November came the question of feeding those animals which would soon be unable to find sufficient food for themselves. The deer, elk and wild boar were all right for the present, they were not dependent upon food which grew upon the ground and which was now buried beneath the snow, and, moreover, they were not in the unusually fine condition owing to the heavy crop of apples on which they had been feeding for many weeks. But the buffaloes were taken charge of at once. Not that there was any immediate danger, but buffaloes depend largely on the food they can get upon the ground, and besides these animals are now too rare for any chances to be taken with the finest herd in the world. Down in the southeastern part of the reservation, in an enclosure known as Central station or No. 1, large yards have been made as winter quarters for the buffaloes, and here, once the animals are rounded up, it is a comparatively simple matter to feed them. But twenty-four thousand acres is a large place, and buffaloes are not giving to taking orders from any one, so it is not the easiest thing in the world to persuade them to seek a particular part of the preserve and show themselves to be shut up in the buffalo yards. However, it is well known that buffaloes once started along a trail which they have been told to follow, will apt to stick to that trail unless there is some good cause for their leaving it.

So, when one day about the 1st of January, the main force of the men in hand, surrounded the main buffalo herd on a plain in the northwestern part of the park, they gently urged them toward the entrance to a trail, and into this the animals turned. Five miles away the trail reached a point to which a farm wagon had been driven, and when the buffaloes arrived they found a little hay waiting for them. They quickly ate it, and just beyond there was a little more, and a little more beyond that again. The hungry animals walked along, picking up the hay as they went, and naturally enough, after they had traveled through ten miles, they found themselves at nightfall on the other side of the mountain, and about five miles from the buffalo yards. Here in some open fields they halted for the night and the men who had surrounded them went home. On returning early the next morning they found most of the buffaloes picking up a scanty meal from patches of bare ground to be seen here and there, but two cows with their well grown calves were missing. They had gone back over the mountain during the night, and were overtaken five miles away.

In the meantime the main herd was urged and led quickly along a large inclosure known as No. 2, where they were easily driven into the buffalo yards. Here they were taken in charge by William Morrison, expert in the breeding and handling of buffaloes, and he divided them into groups according to their age and sex. In the first yard were placed all the calves of the previous spring; in the second, a number of old bulls; in the third, young bulls and heifers, and so on through seven or eight inclosures.

The buffaloes are so warmly clad in

their heavy winter robes that they require no shelter, even in the most severe weather, but in each yard there is a long shed which prevents the hay on which they are fed at this season from becoming buried in the snow. Each shed has a loft in which the hay is stored, and from which it can be tossed down into racks below. Each full-grown buffalo eats about three tons during the winter; each calf consumes about half a ton, and his allowance of hay increases about half a ton a winter with each succeeding year until he reaches maturity. In this way the animals will be provided for until May, when the entire herd, including the calves, will be turned loose to wander at will over the great preserve, and to shift for themselves until the snowstorms of December again cut off their natural supply of food.

In the second half of this article will be described the methods adopted for feeding the deer, the elk, the moose, and the provision which is made for repairing any part of the great fence which may possibly be injured in the severe winters, which frequently sweep the slopes of Crocydon mountain. (To be continued next week.)

BATTLE OF TITANIC MONSTERS.

Tortoises a Thousand Years Old Fought a Strange Combat.

A strange battle, recalling vividly all that has read of the great prehistoric combats between the strange, huge beasts that inhabited the life-complex world before man appeared to conquer it, took place on the St. Louis fair grounds a short time ago.

Two great tortoises, each nearly ten feet across, each covered with an impenetrable armor of shell almost as thick and as hard as the nickel-steel armor of a battleship, met in a combat which was the like of which has never been witnessed on the continent.

The tortoises came from the Seychelles islands off the coast of Madagascar, where a few specimens of the great prehistoric animals, which have been studied with great interest, are now kept. They were more than 200 years old. Some hesitate to believe they have lived fully 1,000 years.

Even when these tortoises had lived and battles for hundreds of years the Normans were conquering England, the

present audience had centered all its attention on the chieftain of the island, a huge but intelligent beast was to pass in its flight. Suddenly a resounding crash shook the building so that even the ground trembled beneath the feet of the spectators. Then came a grinding, grating, crackling noise like the crunch of falling timber.

The first thought was that the huge elephant, in "shooting the chutes," had proved too heavy and that the structure of big timbers had collapsed. But the elephant had completed its slide in safety and its toboggan was safe. Meanwhile the crashing noises filled the great building, and there was added a sound like the crunch of falling timber. From the gloomy shadows of a tunnel a great, overfed locomotive.

As the smaller tortoise reached the center of the inclosure, the larger, with a sudden spring, leaped into space and launched its thousand pound body toward the smaller tortoise. The other beast rose to meet the shock, and the two huge bulk came together with a crashing, crunching, shattering combination of sounds. The shock of the impact was so great that both of the beasts were literally hurled back into their own corners.

Again the loud hissing from the enraged beasts filled the arena, and again they gave several themselves for a short time. The spectators crowded around the inclosure, bewildered and astounded by the strange combat.

A dozen times the great tortoises renewed the struggle. A dozen times they leaped at each other, their jaws snapping fiercely at each other's protruding, leathery throats and their talon-clawed flippers clamping madly over the armor of the shell hardened by the centuries. Yet so thoroughly protected was each of the huge, ugly beasts that apparently neither was harmed, and the keen observers decided to interfere and end the fight.

There was a possibility the combat if continued might result in the death of one or both of the combatants, and the management was under bond of \$25,000 to return the sacred beasts alive and un-

injured to their owners, the chiefs of the native tribes of the Seychelles islands. A score of brawny attendants, armed with clubs and crowbars and supplied with strong ropes, leaped into the arena and by concerted efforts forced the fighting beasts into separate corners. Ropes were thrown around and over them and the tortoises were fairly dragged apart by the combined strength of one hundred men.

For half an hour the ugly beasts hissed and glared at each other and tried to escape their bonds, but they had been securely fastened. Finally their anger cooled, and when the keeper divided a head of cauliflower between them they munched the choice morsel in peace and contentment.

It was over this bit of cauliflower that the two huge beasts engaged in terrible combat. Their usual diet is cabbage, but on this day by mistake a head of cauliflower was thrown in. The new and strange morsel was so tempting that the animals shook off the weight of centuries to do battle over it.

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